OMAR KHAYYAM.

Down in the spring their empty pitcher dips,
Dips where of old a thousand sorrows fell.
Forget not, while the gurgling water slips
Lightly from earthen throats, the silent well.
—Arthur J. Stringer in Bookman.

ISOTHERMS.

Facts About Isothermic Maps That Are Rarely Learned at School.

Here are some definitions of isotherms that appear in American textbooks of geography:

"Those lines which are drawn through places with an equal average of temperature are called isotherms.

"Isotherms are lines connecting places having the same mean temperature for particular periods, as the whole of the year, the winter or summer months, etc.

"If upon a map all places having the same mean temperature are connected by lines, such lines are called isothermal lines or simple isotherms."

These definitions are part of the truth, but not the whole of it. It may not be a great calamity, but the fact is that most boys and girls leave school with a misconception as to what an isotherm is, and they rarely find out in later years.

They all know that two elements, latitude and altitude, are the main factors in determining the mean temperature of a place; that the farther a place is from the equator and the higher it stands above sea level the cooler its climate is. But they do not know that isothermic maps take into account only one of these elements, and that is latitude. They eliminate the influence of altitude. The isotherm passing over the top of Pike's peak does not show the mean temperature at the summit of the mountain, but what the mean temperature would be in that immediate neighborhood if the land, instead of rising high above the sea, stood at the level of Coney Island.

Do you see the reason for this? It may be easily explained. Most of the land does not rise so high above the sea that the temperature is greatly affected by altitude. To the majority of mankind latitude is a far more important climatic element than altitude. Now, the effects on temperature of both latitude and altitude cannot well be shown on one map, and isothermic maps were devised to show the effects of latitude and some other element, such as position near the sea or in the far interior.

An isothermic line, therefore, does not show the actual mean temperature of a place on it unless that place is at sea level. But it is easy to deduce from the isotherm the actual mean temperature of a place, if we know its elevation above the sea. How this is done is very clearly explained by Dr. H. R. Mill, the British geographer, as follows:

"The air grows cooler by 1 degree F. for every 270 feet of elevation above sea level, but isothermic lines show the sea level temperature. In using isothermic maps we must therefore remember that places 600 feet above the sea level have a temperature 2 degrees lower than the isotherms indicate; places 6,000 feet above the sea, 22 degrees lower; those 12,000 feet above the sea, 45 degrees lower, and the mountain slopes 18,000 feet above the sea no less than 66 degrees lower than the sea level temperature shown by the isotherms. This accounts for the fact that none of the important towns in the temperate zones is situated more than 2,000 feet above the sea, while in the tropics they are built at as great elevations as 8,000 or 10,000 feet."

Weather charts are an exception to this rule. They record the actual thermometrical readings at the points of observation.—New York Sun.

William Black's Characters.

Sir Wemyss Reid notes that William Black seldom allowed himself to be drawn into conversation about his work. One of Reid's recollections runs thus: "One day, in the faroff past, I was walking along the sea front with Black, at Brighton, when he said abruptly and with reference to nothing that had been passing between us: 'We are not all engaged in running away with other men's wives. There are some of us who are not the victims of mental disease or moral deformity. I do not even know that anybody of my acquaintance has committed a murder or a forgery. Yet people are angry with me because I do not make my characters in my books odious in this fashion. I prefer to write about sane people and honest people, and I imagine that they are, after all, in a majority in the world.'"

Some Went to Glory.

I once asked a district nurse, says a writer in The Cornhill Magazine, how the various sick cases had been going on during my absence from the parish. At once the look which I knew so well crossed her face, but her natural professional pride strove for the mastery with the due unctuousness which she considered necessary for the occasion. At last she evolved the following strange mixture, "Middling well, sir; some of 'em's gone straight to glory, but I am glad to say others are nicely on the mend."

Starting Him Right.

"Ah!" sighed the sentimental youth. "Would that I might install a sentiment in your loyal heart"—

"Sir," interrupted the practical maid, "I'd have you understand that my heart is no installment concern."—Chicago News.

Distinctions.

"Did our friend retire from politics?"

"Well," answered the practical worker, "it wasn't what you'd call a 'retire.' It was a 'knockout.'"—Washington Star.

The chief ingredients in the composition of those qualities that gain esteem and praise are good nature, truth, good sense and good breeding.

The skins of animals were the earliest forms of money. Sheep and oxen among the old Romans took the place of money.

MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

"Dolce far niente—a sweet doing nothing. I shall pin that to the catalogue of memory pictures painted here."

She looked up at him and laughed. She always laughed. Their eyes met, then parted, and a vague sense of anticipated loss came to him with the realization of her near departure.

The mystic beauty of the twinkle hushed them into unwonted silence, and the tinkle of the sheep and cow bells rhymed into reminiscent memories, thoughts of other days, when they had watched the sun fade away in the west. The fields, whose greenness was accentuated by lines of red Virginia soil, guarded by deeper green fir trees silhouetted, tall and sentinellike, in the far background, seemed to be softly waiting for the coming night.

"You will forget all this. As for me, I will only be one more in your collection," he smiled, evidently a willing victim.

"Collection—of sticks?" she interrogated laughingly.

"You are unkind," he protested.

"You think then my remembrance of a very charming winter, like pricked bubbles, will vanish into space?"

Her face flushed, and a shadow deepened her brown eyes. He was looking intently at a number of holes punched in the sand with her parasol. She caught her breath as she crushed the laces of her gown against her side—a characteristic gesture—then she went on: "We've seen each other every day, if only for a few moments, during nearly two months, meeting with perfect frankness and, I thought, friendship. If it has all been insincere, I shall forget." "Insincere?" He leaned nearer, saying softly: "You have made me care too much, but in the north there will be other interests in your life, crowding me out, until I shall fade into the dim corridors of the past."

She noted the square, strong chin and mouth and the little wrinkles that caught around the smiling eyes. He could thus lightly toss aside the recollection of drives, of wheeling down shaded country roads, which were, he had said, "like a benediction," and the evenings when he sang with delicate insinuation and emphasis about "you, dear," and "love." All these thoughts pricked her mind. If she could only forget him!

She rose.

"Really, you seem most insistent to become merely a polka dot in my memory. Don't you think, even then, I could always spot you?"

Her companion groaned.

"Just if you must, but stay, ah, stay, fair lady, on this perfect day! I promise to do anything, say anything, if you will not go."

"You waxed quite poetical," sweetly. "There is the silver moon for the second verse."

"Thanks for the suggestion," rather stiffly.

"Come. My hostess will think I am lost."

"When a woman will, she will."

He reluctantly followed. They walked home through the spicy, fragrant pines, whose melancholy soughing filled them both with an undefined sadness.

"This must be goodby. I leave on the early train tomorrow and never see people at the station. It makes me blue."

She stood on the steps with one hand extended. The stars flashed brightly, and the faint moon cast a soft light over her. Looking up at the little rebellious curls blown about under the wide, black hat, he felt an irresistible desire to touch them, but only raised her hand to his lips.

"Aufwiedersehn. You have given me many happy days, and I shall always think of you in this lavender gown, the violets and these saucy, nodding feathers—just as you stand. You will surely come back—to us?"

"Perhaps."

Being a woman, she could not cry to him, but must stifle the pain and defy the might have been as she saw this man drifting out of her life. One's heart does not break in these modern days.

Smiling bravely, she went wearily up the steps, then paused. Taking a few of the violets, she kissed them and, turning, called to him. He came back.

Somewhat confused, she pinned them on his coat

"They really belong to you," she explained.

The moon was hidden, and he could not see how pale she had grown. Going to her room, she took down a photograph, softly whispering, "To have loved and lost!" Both hands suddenly pressed against her heart, and the tears blindly fell unheeded as she sobbed on.

He, too, went to his room to ponder. He knew he would miss her. She had been so jolly, always ready for a dance or a ride, knowing his favorite music and songs. Now that was all over. Rummaging through his desk, he finally found a little package of notes. Leaning back in the deep chair, he carefully removed the elastic around them and leisurely read over the lines. Out from the sheets of one fluttered a withered violet. It fell unnoticed to the floor. In another he found a tiny spray of jasamine. She had worn a great bunch of it one night. This spray he had begged for and had been denied until the next morning, when his request was granted with a few patient words. They had been at the opera, and under the magic of the music he looked into her eyes, startled by their deep intensity. He could see them now. How really dear she was! Ah, well, she would come again.

He replaced the notes, struck a match, carefully held it to a cigar and unfolded the evening paper.—St. Louis Star.

Literary Interpretation.

The following incident occurred in the Evansville high school: A teacher of literature was discussing with her class the beautiful description of a day in June in the "Vision of Sir Launfal." When they came to the lines—

Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass or flowers

—the teacher tried to find out whether or not the pupils understood what the "stir of might" was. Various opinions were advanced, but none of them was satisfactory. Finally a bright thought seemed to strike a little boy. His hand went up gleefully, and he almost shouted, "I believe it was a worm!"—Inland Educator.

A Monster Statue.

In Japan is the Kotokuin monastery, which was one of the many erected by the Emperor Thomu about 737 A. D. The image outside the monastery represents Buddha, was made of bronze in the year [illegible] and is 50 feet high, 98 feet in waist circumference, has a face over 8 feet long, an eye 4 feet, an ear nearly 7 feet, a mouth over 2 feet broad and a nose 4 feet long. The circumference of the thumb is over 3 feet.

MARIE'S CHOICE.

Years since there was in the city of St. Petersburg a young girl so beautiful and lovely that the greatest prince of Europe had he met her even in a peasant's hut might well have turned his back upon princesses to offer her his hand and throne; but, far from having seen the light in a peasant's hut, she was born in the shadow of the proudest throne on the earth. It was Marie Nicolaewna, the adored daughter of the emperor of Russia. As her father saw her blooming like the May flower and sought for her all the heirs of royalty he cast his eyes upon the fairest, the richest and the most powerful of them and with the smile of a father and a king said to her:

"My child, you are now of an age to marry, and I have chosen for you the prince who will make you a queen and the man who will render you happy."

"The man who will render me happy," stammered the blushing princess, with a sigh, which was the only objection to which her heart gave utterance. "Speak, father," she said as she saw a frown gathering on the brow of the czar, "speak, and your majesty shall be obeyed!"

"Obeyed!" exclaimed the emperor, trembling for the first time in his life. "Is it, then, only as an act of obedience that you will receive a husband from my hands?"

The young girl was silent and concealed a tear.

"Is your faith already plighted?"

"Yes, father—if I must tell you—my heart is no longer my own. It is bestowed upon a young man who knows it not and who shall never know it if such be your wish. He has seen me but two or three times at a distance, and we will never speak to each other if your majesty forbids it."

The emperor was silent in his turn. He grew pale. Three times he made the circuit of the salon. He durst not ask the name of the young man.

"A stranger?"

"Yes, father."

The emperor fell back into an armchair and hid his face in his hands, like Agamemnon at the sacrifice of Iphigenia.

"Where shall I see him?" said the czar, rising, with a threatening aspect.

"Tomorrow at the review."

"How shall I recognize him?" demanded the czar, with a stamp of his foot.

"By his green plume and black steed."

"'Tis well. Go, my daughter, and pray God have pity upon the man!"

The princess withdrew in a fainting condition, and the emperor was soon lost in thought.

"A childish caprice," he said at length. "I am foolish to be disturbed at it. She will forget it," and his lips dared not utter what his heart added. "It must be, for all my power would be weaker than her tears."

On the following day, at the review, the czar, whose eagle eye embraced all at a glance, sought and saw in his battalions naught else than a green plume and a black charger.

He recognized in him who wore the one and rode the other a simple colonel of the Bavarian light horse—Maximilian Joseph Eugene Auguste Beauharnais, the duke of Leuchtenberg, youngest child of the son of Josephine, who was for a brief time empress of France, and of Auguste Amelia, daughter of Maximilian Joseph of Bavaria, an admirable cavalier in truth, but as far inferior then to Marie Nicolaewna as is a common soldier to an emperor.

"Is it possible?" said the czar to himself as he sent for the colonel with the design of sending him to Munich. But at the moment when he was about to crush him with a word he stopped at the sight of his daughter fainting in her calash. "There is no longer a doubt," thought the czar; "'tis indeed he."

And, turning his back upon the stupefied stranger, he returned with Marie to the imperial palace.

For six weeks all that prudence, tempered with love and severity, could inspire was essayed to destroy the image of the colonel in the heart of the princess. At the end of the first week she was resigned; at the end of the second she wept; at the end of the third she wept in public; at the end of the fourth she wished to sacrifice herself to her father; at the end of the fifth she was dying. Meanwhile the colonel, seeing himself in disgrace at the court of his host without daring to confess to himself the cause, did not wait for his dismissal to return to his regiment. He was on the point of setting out for Munich when an aid-de-camp of the czar came for him.

"I should have set out yesterday," he said to himself. "I might have avoided what awaits me. At the first flash save yourself from the thunderbolt."

He was ushered into the cabinet where kings only are allowed to enter. The emperor was pale, and his eye was moist, but his air was firm and resolute.

"Colonel Duke," said he, enveloping and penetrating him with a glance, "you are one of the handsomest officers in Europe. It is said also—and I believe it is true—that you possess an elevated mind, a thorough education, a lively taste for the arts, a noble heart and a loyal character. What think you of the grand duchess, my daughter, Marie Nicolaewna?"

"The Princess Marie, sire!" exclaimed he, reading at last his own heart without daring to read that of the czar. "Your anger would crush me if I told you what I think of her, and I should die of joy if you permitted it."

"You love her—'tis well!" resumed the czar, with a benignant smile, and the royal hand from which the duke was awaiting the thunderbolt delivered to the colonel the brevet of general aid-de-camp of the emperor, the brevets of commandant of the cavalry, of the guards, of the regiment of hussars, of chief of the corps of cadets and of mining engineers, of president of the Academy of Arts and member of the Academy of Sciences of the universities of St. Petersburg, of Moscow, of Keasan, of the council of the military schools, etc, all this with the title of imperial highness and several millions of revenues.

"You see that I also love my daughter," said the father, pressing his son-in-law in his arms.—Cincinnati Post.

Correct Standing.

Correct standing is said to be a cure for nervous depression, insomnia and a host of kindred ills. Stand perfectly still and erect with the chest well raised. It should be begun with ten minute periods and increased gradually to half hours. The pressure of internal organs upon one another will be relieved, the blood more thoroughly oxygenized and the tone of the whole system wonderfully improved.—Ex.

Merely an Illustration.

"Pa, what's a pacemaker?"

"Why," Mrs. Flimton, next door. Every time she gets a new frock your mother has to have a better one."—Chicago Record.